

SLEEP IN THE DESERT.

Impossibility of Keeping Awake in Riding Across Gobi.

Hitherto I have thought that traveling by carts over stony roads and staying in Chinese inns at night was the hardest thing a foreigner traveling in China was called upon to endure, but since I have traveled with a caravan of camels I have changed my opinion. The monotony of the desert by day and the bed of camel's saddle at night, the evil smell of camels and the slowness of their drivers and the acrid choking of the little fire on which one's food is cooked—none of these things is so trying to the foreigners as the sleepiness which attacks one in this high region. This to me was a real torture. Traveling the cold night with no other company than dull Chinese, who seem to sleep while walking alongside the camels or while sitting on their backs, and being weighed down by heavy sleepiness is the worst thing I have endured.

You sit on your horse and, in spite of every effort, fall asleep. Presently you wake up and find yourself on the ground, with your horse standing bewildered at your side, wondering whether you are alive or dead. Then you try to keep yourself awake by walking and talking a bit to the camel drivers, but you soon find that they are just as sleepy as yourself. A few words are exchanged, and then you are too tired to open your mouth to talk or even to think of anything but sleep, sweet sleep. Oh, for just a few minutes there at the roadside in the soft sand! But, no; you must go on and fight against this desire. It is too dangerous to sleep by the roadside on the ground. The caravan cannot wait, and your servant would not watch over you. He would soon fall asleep like yourself. The wolves would then have an easy time.

Yet in spite of all this reasoning you feel as if you were drawn to the ground by the power of a thousand strong magnets and soon yield to sleep again. Suddenly your watchful horse, whose reins you have kept slung around your neck—this is a wise thing to do—pulls up, starts and jerks you wide awake. You jump up, not knowing where you are for some seconds, but you see your horse trembling and realize that danger is near.

For a few minutes you are fully awake and feel glad and refreshed. You jump on your horse and catch up with the caravan, which has gone a few li (a li is 354 yards) ahead.

After another ten li or so sleep creeps on again like a huge boa constrictor embracing you in its irresistible grasp. The same fight has then to be fought over again. Then at last the caravan arrives at the halting place for the night.—North China News.

CORSICAN CUSTOMS.

Curious Observances Connected With Death and Burial.

When a Corsican woman dies she is always buried in a new costume, which sometimes with the poorer classes takes up most of the family savings, and as the heat of the climate renders burial imperative within twenty-four hours the new gown is generally commenced directly the dying person's illness assumes a serious form.

Corsicans reverence the dead, and a feature in a funeral is the "improvisations"—women whose business it is to improvise prose poetry to the mourners. Often this improvising is wonderfully beautiful and breathes the true feeling of sorrow.

The "death hunters" attend funerals and afterward wrestle with the mourners. If a relative of the deceased gets the better in the combat it is assumed that his affection for the departed relative was absolutely genuine.

When the corpse leaves the house the women gather at an upper window and, tearing out handfuls of their hair, throw it on the coffin. The rich hire women mourners, who scratch their faces and are paid in proportion to the injuries they inflict on themselves in their paroxysms of grief.

A Corsican widow wears a strip of black material tied on her eyes for a week, and during that period she is fed and led about by her friends. No room in her house is cleaned and no fire lighted for the same period.

In the cemeteries is a succession of little buildings with flat roofs and high openings. These are the tombs, and inside them are rich hangings, flowers, poetry and lamps, which the mourners place there in remembrance of the departed.

Quaint Market Custom.

There exists at Totnes market a custom which is believed to be without parallel in the history of markets. A dealer chalks up the price he gives for butter and eggs on a stall, and all the other dealers pay the same. This system has gone on, and surprisingly little friction has resulted. Some time ago an attempt was made to break down the custom and induce producers to stand in the market and make the best price they could. It was, however, short lived, and the old system was reverted to.—St. James' Gazette.

A Joker.

The Congressman (sternly)—You seem to forget, madam, that there is such a word as "obey" in a marriage contract. The Congressman's Wife—Is there? Why, isn't it funny how jokers do creep into things?—Puck.

The Skinfint.

"You are too hard on Mr. Skinfint. You should treat him with more of the milk of human kindness."
"He'd churn it into butter and sell it at 1¢ a lb."

THIS WEEK ENDS IT ALL!

The Great Double Reduction

DANZIGER & CO.

Astoria's Greatest Clothiers.
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Coupled With Big Eastern Manufacturers

Have combined to raise a certain amount of cash in order to assist the Eastern concerns to carry on their usual business on a cash basis.

Over \$5,000 Cash Reduction on \$14,200
worth of Men's and Boys' Fine Clothing, Hats and Furnishings.

Give the people of this community the grandest, greatest and best opportunity to buy the world's best goods at prices that behoove every thrifty person to lay in their supplies

Bargain Tables Are Spread Throughout the Big Store

Each loaded with something that is being sold at prices so phenomenally low that even actual manufacturer's cost is lost sight of.

Don't Forget Saturday, January 18th, at 10 P. M.

WOMAN SHOT.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—Mrs. Mamie Murphy who is suing her husband, Wm. Murphy, for divorce, was dangerously wounded yesterday at the home of her father, Thomas Burke, by Otto Weaver, following a quarrel.

Mrs. Murphy told the police Weaver returned from St. Louis on Sunday and accused her of accepting the attention of some other man. Weaver finally left the house and did not return until shortly before the shooting. He again accused her of being untrue to him and while she was protesting Weaver is alleged to have shot her. Weaver escaped.

Lane's Family Medicine is a tonic-laxative. It does not depress or weaken, but imparts a feeling of buoyancy and strength that is delightful. At all druggists 25c.

CHINAMAN FATALLY SHOT.

OAKLAND, Jan. 15.—Chan Min, a Chinese tailor, was fatally shot in his second story room in the dwelling on the southeast corner of Eight and Webster Street in this city last night and the police are at loss as to the identity of the perpetrators of the crime.

A Chinese youth named Sap Mum has been arrested on suspicion, but the police admit that they have no evidence to hold him. The murdered man was a member of the Sam Yip Society, which is not one of the warring tong, and the police do not believe the murder of Chan Min has any bearing on the tong war that is on in this city.

When the doctor is called he asks: "How are the bowels?" They are generally wrong. His visit might have been saved by a timely dose of Lane's Family Medicine.

Secretary Taft has put a girdle round the earth from West to East, and it is only fair to add that Secretary Root has nearly duplicated the feat from North to South.

The 16 battleships move steadily along their appointed course, quite oblivious of the defects said to exist by muck-raking magazine writers.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

TO CATARRH SUFFERERS.*

Good Advice and Liberal Offer From a Well Known Astoria Druggist.

T. F. Laurin has been advising all who suffer from any of the symptoms of catarrh, such as offensive breath, dryness of the nose, pain across the eyes, stoppage of the nose, discharges and dripping in the throat, coughing spasms and general weakness and debility, to use Hyomei. He goes so far as to offer to refund the money to any user of Hyomei who is not perfectly satisfied with the results.

Quick relief follows the use of the Hyomei treatment; the stoppage of the nose is removed, the dropping ceases, the breath becomes pure and sweet, and the catarrhal germs are destroyed and their growth prevented.

Hyomei is the surest, simplest, quickest, easiest and cheapest way to cure catarrh. It does not drug and derange the stomach; it goes right to the seat of the trouble, destroying the catarrhal germs and healing and vitalizing the tissues.

Go to T. F. Laurin today and buy a complete Hyomei outfit for \$1.00 with the understanding that if it does not give satisfaction, your money will be refunded.

Omitting the familiar motto from the new gold coinage has finally found a justification in the widespread and ever-increasing dislike of the people for the word "trust."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

DESIGNS REJECTED.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The municipal art commission has taken up the matter of the erection of a tablet in the Borough Hall station of the subway to commemorate the opening of the tubes under the East River, connecting New York and Brooklyn. Three designs which were presented to the committee were rejected with the advice that it would be better to obtain an artist to design such a tablet.

Would you give twenty-five cents to stop your cough? Then get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam and you will have enough for the whole family. It costs druggists 25c.



Disturbed the Congregation.

The person who disturbed the congregation last Sunday by continually coughing is requested to buy a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

ST. ELMO CLUB HOUSE OPENED.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—The St. Elmo Club, an organization of the members

of the Delta Phi fraternity, has opened its club house at 105 West Forty-third street, this city. The club starts with a large membership. Its present officers are:

L. Ladin Kellogg, Rutgers, '70, president; S. A. Vicker, Yale '92, and James Duane Livingston, Columbia '80, vice-presidents; Morris D. Ferris, Columbia '03, treasurer, and Guernsey Price, Cornell, '01, and Dr. B. Wallace Hamilton, University of Pennsylvania, secretaries.

Lame Shoulder Cured.

Lame shoulder is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and quickly yields to a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Mrs. F. H. McElwee, of Boistown, New Brunswick, writes: "Having been troubled for some time with a pain in my left shoulder, I decided to give Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial, with the result that I got prompt relief." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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